

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



THE RIDE TO WINDSOR.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER XXV.—A JOURNEY, AND WHAT BEFELL THE TRAVELLERS—A VISIT TO WINDSOR, AND ITS RESULT.

The days were long, the weather was fine, and Mabel and her companion hoped by starting at dawn to reach London at an early hour on the third day of their journey. They were crossing Hounslow Heath, a part of the country, in those days especially, and even in later years, notorious for the number of robberies committed on travellers. In the far

distance were seen dangling in the air two objects, the wretched remnants of humanity, suspended in chains, intended as a warning to evil-doers, but having about as much effect as scarecrows have generally on bold birds who have discovered that they can do them no harm. Mabel turned away her eyes to avoid the hideous spectacle. Paul said nothing, but pulled out his pistols one by one, carefully surveying their locks. Then restoring them to their holsters, he continued trotting on at a rapid pace behind his young mistress.

No. 1039.—NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"We shall be in town, Miss Mabel, long before your godfather sits down to his early dinner, I hope," observed Paul. "You might spare Beauty a little, for we shall have some steep bits of road soon, and a steady pace will bring us to our journey's end, maybe, as soon as a rapid one."

As Paul spoke he caught sight of three men crouching down under some bushes a short distance ahead. Had he been alone he would have dashed forward and easily have eluded them, should they prove to be footpads, as he thought likely. He was afraid, however, should Mabel make the attempt, that they might succeed in stopping her horse, and then, if going at full speed, he would be less able to take steady aim, or to defend her. At the same time, he did not wish to alarm her before it was necessary. She, however, directly afterwards caught sight of the same objects. They were not left long in doubt as to the intention of those they saw, for as they approached, five men sprang up, and rushing forward seized Mabel's rein. Paul, drawing a pistol, fired. One of his assailants fell, but this did not deter the others from their purpose. While one of the ruffians held Mabel's horse, the other three attacked him, endeavouring to pull him from his saddle. Before they had time to seize his arm he drew another pistol. He fired, but it flashed in the pan. He endeavoured to reprime it, but having no time to do so, he seized it by the muzzle, and began to lay about him with right good will, striking one fellow on the head and another on the shoulder, and compelling them to let go their hold, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice, "To the rescue! to the rescue! Off with you, villains!" and similar cries, which were not without the effect of distracting the attention of his assailants. Still, as they were three to one, and had also firearms, though they had not hitherto used them, it was too evident that they must ultimately succeed in their purpose. Still undaunted, however, the old soldier fought on, continuing to strike with a rapidity which astonished his assailants. One, however, more savage than the others, springing back, drew a pistol from his belt, and was levelling it at Paul, when his eye caught sight of two men, who at that instant had jumped out of a gravel-pit a little way ahead, and were rushing towards them, flourishing thick sticks which they held in their hands.

"Don't let the fellows sheer off, Paul, and we will make prizes of the whole," shouted one of the new comers, springing forward and bringing his thick stick down on the head of one of Paul's assailants. The fellow dropped as if shot, when the other three men, seeing that their opponents were even in number, let go the horses' reins and took to flight.

The men who had so opportunely arrived were dressed as sailors. In the most active of them Paul recognised his old acquaintance Jacob Tuttle. The other was a stranger.

"Well, this is fortunate!" exclaimed Jacob, in astonishment. "Why, Mr. Gauntlett, I little thought to see you and Miss Mabel out here. Why, please miss, you are the very lady I was coming all the way to Lynderton to see. Only yesterday I could get leave from my ship to come ashore, and started away up to London, where we stopped a few hours, and then came along south-west, keeping a course for Lynderton."

Mabel had been so agitated by the attack of the footpads that she had been unable to speak. She now eagerly asked Jacob why he wished to see her.

"It is about a shipmate of mine, please you, miss, as true-hearted a lad as ever stepped—one Harry Tryon, though in speaking to you, miss, I ought to call him Master Harry."

"Go on, I entreat you," said Mabel, eagerly.

"You have heard talk of the mutiny, miss, and how the seamen thought they had not got their rights, and how they held out against their officers? Well, the chief of the mutineers, and I have not much to say in his favour, was aboard our ship, and because Harry was a gentleman and could write a good hand, he made him act as his secretary. Now do you see Harry did not wish to do so, to my certain knowledge, but somehow or other, after Parker, who was the chief in the business, was tried and hung, Harry was brought in guilty of helping him. I don't know how it was I was not called as a witness, or I could have proved that Parker held a pistol to Harry's head and made him write what he told him. The long and short, however, of it is that poor Harry has been condemned to death, and lies on board the prison ship with a number of other fellows, to be run up one of these days to the yard-arm. Now I thought to myself, he has got friends down at Lynderton who I know would help him. As I could not get away from the ship to give the news, I got a messmate, howsemever, to write to my Mary, you know her, miss, and tell her all about it. At last, however, yesterday morning, Jack Veal here and I got leave to come ashore and spend a fortnight at home. We lost no time as soon as we stepped on shore, you may depend on it, miss, but came along as fast as our two legs would carry us, and a pretty good job it is we did come, or we should have missed the chance of knocking those fellows on the head and doing you a service, miss."

"It is indeed most fortunate, and I have to thank you very heartily," answered Mabel; "and if instead of going on to Lynderton you will accompany us, you may be of still greater service. I am going up to London on purpose to see what can be done for Mr. Tryon. If nobody else can assist me, I will go to our good King and ask him to grant his pardon. If you are able to bear evidence that he did not willingly join the mutineers, I am sure his Majesty will grant our request."

"With all the pleasure in life, miss," answered Jacob. "I would go a hundred miles to give a helping hand to any shipmate, much more to so true-hearted a chap as Harry Tryon, or Andrew Brown, for that's the name he goes by. I told you when I wrote through him to Mary how he had saved your honoured father's life, and if he was in England all things would go right, for he would be able to prove what an obedient, well-behaved seaman Harry always was with him."

"I am right glad to hear you say that, Jacob," put in Paul. "To my mind, Miss Mabel, it is fortunate we fell in with these two lads, but let us lose no further time. They must keep alongside our horses till we can get a cart or coach of some sort to carry them on. It is very clear there is no time to be lost, and if we get in early to London something may be done even to-day."

"Make sail ahead then," cried Jacob; "Jack and I will keep up with you, and if we can we will lay hands on a craft of some sort to carry us on."

They had not gone far when they saw the footpads return and carry off their wounded companions. Under other circumstances Paul would have given

notice of what had occurred, but he knew by so doing they might have to undergo considerable delay, which for Harry's sake it was most important should be avoided. They therefore pushed on till they arrived at a small inn on the London side of the heath, where Paul had on several occasions stopped. The landlord knew him, and he was able, therefore, without difficulty to hire a horse on which the two sailors might proceed. It was the only one in the stable, but as it had an unusually long back, Jacob and Jack agreed that it would answer their purpose quite as well as two.

"Each can take his trick at the helm by turns," observed Jacob, "though seeing that when a little boy I used often to ride the horses to water, I may be the better hand of the two."

The stable boy was about to put on a saddle.

"No no, off with that thing," observed Jacob, throwing himself on the animal's back. "Here, Jack, give us your hand. Now sit yourself astern. That will do. Good-by, Master Gibson, we will send the horse back to you safe and sound, never fear."

Saying this, Jack and his companion rode out of the stable-yard, and followed Mabel and Gauntlett, who had just before left it.

As Mabel approached London, her eagerness to see her godfather and Mr. Kyffin increased. She could scarcely refrain from urging on her steed to its topmost speed, though restrained every now and then by Paul's voice requesting her to proceed at a more leisurely pace, both for her own sake and for that of Jacob and his companion, who were following on their rough-trotting horse. Before noon she drew rein at the door of Mr. Thornborough's house. She threw herself from her horse, and ran up the steps. Miss Thornborough stood ready to receive her in her arms.

"My dear Mabel, we have heard all about it from Mr. Kyffin," she said. "He is up-stairs with your godfather, and will do all he can; but, my dear child, what a journey for you to take!"

Mabel, thanking her kind old friend, explained that she had brought companions who might be of great service, and begged that they and their horses might be looked after.

"That shall be attended to. And now, my dear Mabel, you must come and rest yourself, and after dinner you shall hear what your friends propose doing."

"Oh, let me hear at once," answered Mabel, unconsciously lifting up her hands to Miss Thornborough; "I cannot endure any longer this suspense. Do they think that Harry can be saved? I must see my godfather and Mr. Kyffin, and hear what they propose from their own lips."

Mistress Barbara accordingly conducted Mabel up-stairs. Mr. Kyffin came forward in a kind and courteous manner to conduct her to a seat, before taking which, however, she hurried up to her godfather, who kissed her affectionately.

"You must not be cast down, my child," he said; "Harry's guardian and I will do all that we can for the lad."

Mabel felt her spirits somewhat raised on hearing this. Still she saw that Mr. Kyffin's countenance was very grave, as if his hopes of success were but small. As, however, she described having fallen in with Jacob Tuttle and another shipmate of Harry's, his looks brightened somewhat.

"Yes, I see it," he answered; "there is hope if we have them as witnesses, but we must be quick in our movements."

"Oh! yes, yes," exclaimed Mabel. "I am ready to go down to Windsor at once, where I hear the King is. He may remember me. I little thought that his visit to Stanmore would have been of so much consequence."

"You will be over-fatiguing yourself, young lady," said Mr. Kyffin, looking compassionately at Mabel. "After a ride of nearly one hundred miles, you are scarcely fit to undertake another journey."

"Oh, yes, I would mount my horse this instant," answered Mabel. "I care not for food or rest, when Harry's life hangs in the balance."

"To relieve your mind we will go at once, then, I promise you," answered Mr. Kyffin. "A coach and four will be in readiness within an hour. In the meantime you must take some refreshment and rest, and we shall be in time to see the King this very afternoon. After that we must be guided by his Majesty's reply."

The road from London to Windsor, as it was traversed frequently by royalty, was in those days one of the best in the country.

A carriage was proceeding along it in the early part of the afternoon, drawn by four horses galloping at a furious rate. Its passengers were Mabel, Mistress Barbara, who had come to take care of her, and Mr. Kyffin, while outside was Paul-Gauntlett, who would not lose sight of his young mistress, and Jacob Tuttle with his companion, who sat on the box and frequently leant forward urging the postilions to drive faster and faster.

The more Jacob thought of the peril in which Harry was placed, the more anxious he became about him. He had already seen many unhappy men run up at the yard-arms of their respective ships in consequence of their active participation in the dangerous mutiny lately quelled, and he could not help feeling that Harry Tryon might be among the next victims. Many of them were young men, strong, active, intelligent fellows, misled by designing knaves. It is especially painful to see such men, who, though criminal, differ greatly from ordinary culprits, suddenly launched into eternity. Such has been the fate demanded by stern justice of many fine seamen, and undoubtedly those executions had struck a wholesome terror into the minds of British seamen generally. From that day forward no mutiny of any consequence has ever occurred in the British fleet.

At length the numerous towers of Windsor's proud castle were seen by the travellers. Mabel's heart beat even quicker than before as the carriage dashed on. At length they reached the foot of the ascent which leads to the terrace. On one side were the walls of the castle, on the other stretched away the greensward, the wide-spreading trees, and the long glades of Windsor forest. Along the terrace were scattered numerous groups of persons, some standing on either side, others walking slowly up and down in conversation, now bowing to those they passed, now stopping to speak a few words to acquaintances. Below, the park was crowded with persons of every degree, all of them in gala costume. The eyes of the greater number turned frequently up towards the terrace, where some object especially attracted their attention. Mistress Barbara and Mabel, with Mr. Kyffin, had no

difficulty in passing the guards, but their attendants were stopped and told that they could not be admitted on the terrace.

"Oh, but we want them especially to come; it is a matter of the greatest importance," exclaimed Mabel. "We want them to see the King."

"What is it? who do you want to see?" said a middle-aged gentleman, stepping forward from among several younger people by whom he was surrounded.

"The King," answered Mabel, advancing. "Your Majesty—it is yourself!" she added, looking up and discovering that she was in the presence of George the Third, who, with several of his own family and three or four of his favourite courtiers and visitors, had just reached the end of the terrace.

"Ah! surely I have seen your face, young lady," said the King, in his kind, gentle way. "Tell me all about it."

"I had the honour of seeing your Majesty at Stanmore, the house of my uncle, Colonel Everard," answered Mabel, "when your Majesty was last there."

"Ah, yes, and I never forget a face," said the King; "and how is your uncle?—he is an old friend of mine."

"He has been called hence, your Majesty," answered Mabel; "he is dead."

"Ah! dear, dear," said the King; "I had heard of it; my friends die quickly, and there are few to replace them; I ought to have remembered. But tell me what you require of me—what can I do for you?"

Mabel endeavoured to explain in a few words, and as clearly as possible, the object of her visit to the King. He listened attentively.

"A sad thing that mutiny, though; but are you certain that young man is not guilty? Can you prove it? There's the question," said the King. "People want proofs in these matters. We must not be governed by our feelings."

"Oh, yes, your Majesty, I know, I am sure he is not guilty!" exclaimed Mabel, clasping her hands, and looking up imploringly at the King. "My liege, you have the power of saving him; oh! let me entreat you to do so. Exert your royal prerogative, and save the life of one who is innocent of the fearful charges brought against him."

"I should like to do so, young lady, indeed I should," said the King, kindly, "but I want proofs. Those are what the lawyers require. What proofs can you bring forward?"

"Here, your Majesty, are two men who were on board the ship in which Mr. Tryon served, and they are able to bear evidence that he was compelled by the ringleader to perform the acts for which he has been condemned."

"Ah! let them come forward, and I will hear what they have to say," said the King. "Are those the men outside who came with you? Let them be admitted immediately!"

On this Jacob and Jack Veal were allowed instantly to go on the terrace, Paul Gauntlett slipping in with them. The King beckoned them forward. Doffing their hats, they stood in a row before his Majesty, Paul a little behind the others ready to make a military salute, while Jacob and Jack kept hauling away at one of the love-locks with which their foreheads were bedecked.

"Let me hear all about it. What have you got to say, my man?" asked the King, looking at Jacob.

"Please your Majesty, he no more wanted to mutiny against your Majesty than the babe unborn," began Jacob. "Please your Majesty, there's not a more loyal subject of your Majesty's in England, not except old Pike, whom your Majesty recollects at Lynderton, and who used to get drunk regularly on your Majesty's birthday drinking your Majesty's health."

"What, do you know old Pike?" exclaimed the King, laughing; "I hope he is well."

"Oh! bless you, your Majesty, he was well and as merry as a cricket when I was last at home. I have been foreign since then, and have not seen him or my old mother for many a day."

"Ah, well, I wish all my subjects were as loyal as old Pike," observed the King, turning round and narrating the anecdote of the prostration performed by the old mace-bearer before him. "And now about this young man, you say he is innocent, but how can you prove it?"

"Why, your Majesty, I can swear my Bible oath that I saw Richard Parker clap a pistol to his head and tell him if he did not obey orders he would blow his brains out. Now, your Majesty, do you see, he thought to himself, 'If my brains are blown out I can never serve the King again, and if I merely write as I am made to do there can be no great harm in that, and the time will come when I may be able to serve my good King as before.' Now, your Majesty, I ask if a man was to treat you like that, whether you would not think it was wiser to obey him than to kick up a row about it?"

"As to that, it would depend very much upon what the man wanted me to do," answered the King. "However, it is clear your young friend acted on compulsion, if your oath is of any value; and what does your shipmate there say?"

"Please your Majesty, I can swear the same thing," answered Jack Veal, "and what is more, we can bring several other men to prove that what we say is the truth."

"And what do you say, my tall friend?" said the King, looking up at Paul.

"Please your Majesty, I have known the lad from his boyhood. He is true and loyal to the backbone," answered Paul, making a salute. "His grandfather, General Tryon, served your Majesty, and perhaps your Majesty remembers the ride he took with you through the forest after your Majesty's visit to Stanmore."

"Ah! yes, yes, let me see. I remember the youth well," said the King. "A well-mannered, intelligent lad. It would be a great pity to have him hung, of course it would," he remarked, turning round to the Queen and princesses who were standing with him. "But, my dear young lady, I cannot act in this matter without the advice of my ministers. You must go and see Mr. Pitt, and learn what he has to say. If he consents, I will pardon the lad with all my heart."

"Most deeply do I thank your Majesty for those kind words," answered Mabel; "but time is precious. Any instant he may be led out to execution, and some time would pass before we could apply to the minister."

"Oh, that gentleman will help you," answered the King, turning to Mr. Kyffin, "he looks like a lawyer, a clever man, I am sure. You will help the young lady, will you not?" said the King.

"Armed with a line signed by your Majesty I

certainly could do so," answered Mr. Kyffin, bowing. "We will hasten back to town and see Mr. Pitt, and in the meantime, provided with the order to stay the execution, we will proceed to the ship where the prisoner is confined."

"Come along, then," said the King, with a kind encouraging glance at Mabel. "You shall have the paper; I hope it is not unconstitutional. What is the lad's name?"

"Harry Tryon," answered Mabel.

"Please your Majesty, that is his real name," put in Jacob Tuttle, hearing the answer; "but the name he is to be hung by is Andrew Brown; and please your Majesty, if you only give the order to stop Harry Tryon being hung, poor Andrew Brown may be hung up notwithstanding."

"I see, I see," said the King. "Well, then, as you are in a hurry, my dear young lady, we will draw out the paper."

On this the King, with several members of the royal family, attended by Mabel and Mr. Kyffin, entered the castle by the side door. The King walked rapidly on through several passages till he entered his private room. Sitting down at a desk he began to write, the rest of the party standing at a respectful distance round him.

"There, my dear young lady, this, I believe, will have its effect," he observed, as he finished the papers and handed them to Mabel. "You will not lose them, eh? The one you can send on board the ship and the other to the minister. He will attend to my request, I hope. Now speed ye well, and God bless you."

A WESTERN COLONY.

In a recent number of the "Traveller," an Anglo-American magazine, we find an interesting account of the foundation of a new colony in the Far West. It is too soon yet to predict the stability or continued prosperity of the settlement, but the record even of the origin of the movement is worth comparing with some of our own colonising experiments, such as Otago and Canterbury in New Zealand.

In December, 1869, N. C. Meeker, Esq., of New York, issued an invitation for the purpose of founding "A Western Colony." He stated that he would unite with proper persons for such a purpose; that the members must be temperance men, and ambitious to establish good society; that the settlement should be mostly in a village, where lots should be sold to raise money for building churches, town halls, school houses, and libraries; the outlying tracts to be divided fairly. The advantages of settling in the village would be, easy access to schools, public places, meetings, lectures, and society. Farmers, nurserymen, florists, a variety of mechanics, and capitalists were invited, to use the coal and water-power in running machinery. Intelligent, educated, professional, and thrifty persons were desired to exhibit all that is best in modern civilisation. In particular should moral and religious sentiments predominate, for without these qualities man is nothing. At the same time, tolerance and liberality should prevail, while it should be an aim and a high ambition to preserve the family pure in all its relations, and to labour with the best efforts life and strength can give, to make the home comfortable, to beautify and adorn it, and to supply

it with whatever will make it attractive and loved. Thus schools, refined society, and the advantages of an old country would soon be secured. With free homesteads as a basis, and the sale of reserved lots for the general good, the greatly increased values of real estate would be for the benefit of all the people, not for speculators.

This unique proposition was most cordially received, and a large correspondence immediately arose. In a few days a meeting was called, at which the Hon. Horace Greeley presided, and remarked that he believed there ought to be, not only one, but one thousand colonies; there were multitudes of men working for wages who ought to colonise; he disliked to see men in advanced life working for salaries in places where, perhaps, they were ordered about by boys; he would like to see them working for themselves. The originator of the plan stated that he had received over eight hundred letters from persons of all trades, professions, and pursuits—many educated—the majority farmers, and fully one-half church members. A committee was appointed to select a place for settlement, with especial regard to the welfare and happiness of the colonists. A resolution was adopted, that each member should pay five dollars for current expenses, and hold in readiness one hundred and fifty dollars for a purchase fund. Fifty-nine persons enrolled their names, paid the initiation fee, and the scheme was inaugurated with great enthusiasm. April 5th, after a month of journeying and careful investigation, a tract of land was selected in Colorado. The town was named "Greeley," and houses, mills, shops, churches, and schools were projected. The "Rocky Mountain News," in commenting upon the location selected, said: "The town site will be in every respect desirable; eastward the outlook is down the plain that stretches unbroken to the Missouri river six hundred miles away, relieved by the groves and fringes of timber that skirt the Poudre and Platte rivers and Crow Creek. North and south are rolling prairies, and westward the same to the mountain foot twenty-one miles distant but plainly distinct, and in the wonderfully clear, rarified atmosphere, seeming scarce half-a-dozen miles away. Beyond that line rises the great Rocky Mountain chain, massive and dark with pine forests, rising ridge beyond and above ridge, until they culminate in the lofty, snowy range, sixty miles away, and with a sweep of at least a hundred and fifty miles. Long's Peak is the nearest and seems the loftiest in sight. It bears south-west by west, and is over fourteen thousand feet high. Snow is always visible on the main range."

On the 25th day of April, 1870, less than five months after the original call, the first sod was turned in the new settlement.

The town lots were appointed as follows: 520 for business, 673 for residence, and 277 for schools, churches, town hall, court house, seminary, etc. Members were allowed to purchase a town lot for residence or business at from twenty-five to fifty dollars, according to location. Farm lands were divided into plots from five to 120 acres, each member being entitled to one plot. A contract was at once given out for a ditch ten miles long, fifteen inches deep, and eight feet wide, carrying twenty-five hundred inches of water, and capable of irrigating five thousand acres. By the 10th of June this ditch was completed, and water was running

through all the streets of the town. A plaza of ten acres was laid out in the centre of the town, and two miniature lakes constructed and filled with water. Trees were taken from Illinois, and set out in the square and along the streets, and an island in the river, consisting of forty-eight acres, was set apart for a public park. The arrangements for irrigation are most extensive, and it is claimed, that like the fields of Egypt, irrigated lands will never wear out. As an interesting comment upon the school system of the new county, the report of the teacher at the close of the session of the first summer, showed that there were fifty-four scholars enrolled, with an average daily attendance of thirty-seven. The school continued sixty days, and the branches taught were reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, grammar, object lessons, and mental exercises.

In August last a contract was made for a second ditch for irrigation, twenty-six miles in length, and it was completed early in the present year. Notwithstanding all the outlay, the treasury of the colony has been able to show a satisfactory balance in hand, and at the present time, only eighteen months after the first announcement of the plan, there is a large, united, and happy settlement, well founded, and giving great promise for the future. The 520 business lots, and 610 of the 670 lots for residences, were selected before November, and 352 houses were then in process of erection. A bank, seventeen shops for trade, six workshops, and a printing-office, were also in successful operation. Two mails per day were received and dispatched to all parts of the country, and every facility for a successful community arranged in eleven months from the conception of the enterprise. Those who favour the Maine law will be interested in the manner in which the temperance principles announced at the outset are likely to be secured and perpetuated. In each and every deed given for land, there is inserted this clause, "that it is expressly agreed between the parties hereto, that intoxicating liquors shall never be manufactured, sold, or given away in any place of public resort as a beverage, on said premises; and that in case any one of these shall be broken or violated, this conveyance, and everything herein contained, shall be null and void."

Five churches, a Masonic lodge, a union Sunday school, and a lyceum for public discussions and mutual improvement, were organised during the summer of 1870.

Thousands of equally desirable localities where prosperous colonies may be founded and early independence secured, are waiting for the coming of the enterprising settlers, and this example will show how speedily a town may be built up, and the advantages of an old community secured. If more men of influence, in whom the people have confidence, would take the initiative, like the originator of this colony, there are undoubtedly millions in the overcrowded portions of the Old and the New World, who would rally at the call, and place themselves in a position where they would be able to secure the enjoyments and advantages of a comfortable home, and confer upon their children a boon which would be priceless. Colonists should, however, "count the cost," and bear in mind that such an enterprise as we have described is not without its sacrifices, privations, and vexations. No such obstacles lie in the way as were met by the "Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony," the early settlers in Australia, or the

pioneers of California; but to go into an unsettled region, without houses or cultivated lands, will test the nerve and perseverance of the most resolute. The colonists of Greeley were not an exception in this respect. Some of them, romantically dreaming of flowers and freedom, soon found that dwelling in tents, and living in a primitive manner, was anything but poetry. Like the Israelites of old, they sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and murmured against the Moses and Aaron of their expedition. The managers, in order to allow the majority to direct, resigned their position, and a call was made for a new election. Most of the old officers were reinstated, the murmurings were hushed, and in a few months the few who would not be content returned to their former homes. The majority, satisfied and happy, were engaged in preparations for a permanent home in which to live and die.

Mr. St. Clair, the lecturer, about two years ago traversed this country, then a wilderness, in his own carriage, making his journey by night to avoid the Indians, and near where Greeley now stands was attacked by savages. He says that a few weeks ago he landed by rail at this new city, which boasts of two thousand inhabitants, over four hundred frame houses, two hotels, two public halls, some twenty stores, and two churches. An irrigating canal of thirty miles, besides the lateral ditches, furnish water for the town and miles of adjacent farming country. Sixty miles of fence encloses the city, and a large grist mill is in process of erection, indicating a most wonderful energy and success, where fourteen months ago never a spade had been struck or a single hut erected.

This seems to be a practical illustration of the principles of co-operation and a community of interest; but perhaps the grand key of its unprecedented success is to be found in the lofty moral tone of the emigrants and settlers. Every person is a property-holder and has a personal interest in the town, while the trustees of the colony will give no deed of any property except with the proviso of forfeit in the case of sales of intoxicating beverages on the premises. As a consequence, we find this the only village throughout the great north-west, excepting Utah, where exists a prohibitory law. Dram-drinkers, loafers, bummers, blacklegs, and liquor dealers avoid Greeley as if it were a pestilence.

BEETHOVEN.

THE great German composer, Ludwig van Beethoven, was born at Bonn, on the banks of the Rhine, on the 17th December, 1770. During the past year various musical festivals were held in Germany to celebrate the centenary of his birth. Aix-la-Chapelle, Weimar, and Mannheim were forward to do honour to Beethoven. The most interesting and important of these *fêtes*, however, was that announced to be held at his birthplace, Bonn, on the 11th of September of last year. In consequence of the war the Bonn festival was postponed. The building of the Beethoven Hall in the town was also from the same cause interrupted—some of the workmen, indeed, were summoned to the battle-field. At one time it was expected that the first use of the scarcely completed building would be that of a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. This, however, was not found to be necessary. The

work was recommenced as soon as possible after the war tempest had passed, and on the 17th of December last, the hundredth anniversary of the birth, or, as some say, of the baptism, of Ludwig van Beethoven, a concert of his music was given, chiefly to test the acoustic capabilities of the new hall. These were found to be unusually satisfactory, and the result of the experiment went to show that a smaller number of orchestral and choral performers than was at first proposed would be preferable. After the necessary modifications of the arrangements of 1870 as to the choir and orchestra, the original programme was adhered to. With the aid of the best German soloists, and with Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller as conductor, the Great Beethoven Celebration at Bonn came off with signal success in the month of August last.

From the collection of Beethoven's letters, translated by Lady Wallace and published in 1866,* the English reader may derive fresh materials illustrative of the character and circumstances of the great German master in the art of music. To this work in the preparation of the following sketch we have to acknowledge our obligations. The accompanying portrait of Beethoven, by the permission of the publishers, is copied from the engraving on the frontispiece to Lady Wallace's volumes, which is from a photograph of the original picture in the possession of Dr. Th. G. v. Karajan, of Vienna. No copy had before been published. The likeness is a characteristic representation of the grand and thoughtful countenance of Beethoven. The lofty brow and stormy hair are characteristic of the genius and character of the man. While the touches of humour about the mouth are in keeping with the works of the artist whose humour in music has not been approached.

Beethoven's early years were spent in comparative poverty. The chief income of his father, Johann van Beethoven, was derived from his position as principal tenor in the Elector's Chapel at Bonn. The father was a man of no considerable mental endowments, but an excellent musician, and his son's first instructor in music. Unhappily, he was so addicted to habits of intemperance as greatly to impoverish his family. The mother of Beethoven was Maria Magdalena Kewerich, first the wife of Leym of Ehrenbreitstein, cook to the Elector of Treves. His two younger brothers were Carl, who occupied at Vienna the appointment of cashier in the Government Revenue, and Johann, an apothecary, first at Linz, afterwards at Vienna, and at a later period proprietor of Gneixendorf, an estate near Krems, on the Danube. In Beethoven's letters there are frequent references to his brothers. The family of Van Beethoven, as the name indicates, was probably of Low Country rather than of Rhineland origin—Van Beethovens having resided in Maestricht some twenty years ago.

The passion for music possessed the young Ludwig as early as his fourth year. At the age of eleven he published "Three Sonatas for the Piano," which he dedicated to Maximilian, Archbishop and Elector of Cologne. This dignity was the first noble patron of Beethoven. By his desire he was placed under the instruction of the Court organist, Von der Eeden, esteemed at that time the best pianist at Bonn, and afterwards, on the death of that musician, under

Neefe, the successor of Eeden. By Neefe he was instructed in the works of Sebastian Bach, particularly in those laboured studies, "The Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues in every Key." At the age of nineteen Beethoven published at Mannheim and at Spiers, "Variations on a March," "Sonatas," and "Songs." At this period he excelled in musical improvisation. His extempore fantasias excited the admiration even of distinguished musicians. Whenever the youthful Ludwig performed, whether in the hall, the theatre, or the cathedral, crowds would gather to listen to his fantasias and chants.

Francis Maximilian, youngest brother of the Emperor Joseph II, became Elector of Cologne in 1785, and in the same year conferred on Beethoven the appointment of Court organist, and in 1787, with a view to the further cultivation of his talents, he sent him to Vienna, and indeed assisted him in every way until the year 1794, at which period the territory of the Elector fell entirely under the dominion of France. At Vienna the young organist was placed under Haydn, but that celebrated composer was soon called to England, and Beethoven was committed to the charge of Albrechtsberger, who gave him methodical instruction in counterpoint. He then returned to Bonn. But the Austrian capital had greater professional attractions for him than his native city, and in 1792 he left Bonn for Vienna, never to return to the place of his birth. To his "dear and valued friend," Dr. Wegeler, of Bonn, he writes, in 1800, then at the age of thirty: "That I can ever forget you or yours, once so dear and precious to me, do not for a moment believe. There are times when I find myself longing to see you again, and wishing I could go and stay with you. My fatherland, that lovely region where I first saw the light, is still distinct and beauteous in my eyes as when I quitted you; in short, I shall esteem the time when I once more see you, and again greet Father Rhine, as one of the happiest periods of my life. When this may be I cannot yet tell, but at all events I may say that you shall not see me again till I have become eminent, not only as an artist, but better and more perfect as a man." In regard to his works and pecuniary position he says: "My compositions are very profitable, and I may really say that I have almost more commissions than it is possible to execute. I can have six or seven publishers or more for every piece if I choose; they no longer bargain with me—I demand, and they pay—so you see this is a very good thing. For instance, I have a friend in distress, and my purse does not admit of my assisting him at once, but I have only to sit down and write, and in a short time he is relieved." He thus refers to his deafness, that calamity than which to a musician scarcely anything could be more bitter: "My hearing during the last three years has become gradually worse. The chief cause of this infirmity proceeds from the state of my digestive organs, which, as you know, were formerly bad enough, but have latterly become much worse. . . . In the theatre I am obliged to lean close up against the orchestra in order to understand the actors, and when a little way off I hear none of the high notes of the instruments or singers." In reference to his deafness, which was the burden and blight of his life, which rendered him morose and unhappy, and was, perhaps, the main cause of his asperities of temper and faults of conduct, we give some extracts from the letter dated 6th October, 1802, and addressed to his brothers Carl and Johann.

* Beethoven's Letters, from the Collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl; also from the Collection of Dr. von Köchel. Translated by Lady Wallace. Two vols. (Longmans and Co.)

In this letter (No. 26 in the collection translated by Lady Wallace) Beethoven touchingly pours out the feelings of his heart in respect of his affliction, and describes its effect on his mind and conduct. It was to be read and its instructions fulfilled after his death. "Oh! ye who think or declare me to be hostile, morose, and misanthropical, how unjust you are, and how little you know the secret cause of what appears thus to you! My heart and mind were from childhood prone to the most tender feelings of affection, and I was always disposed to accomplish something great. But you must remember that six years ago I was attacked by an incurable malady, aggravated by unskilful physicians, deluded from year to year, too, by the hope of relief, and at length forced to the conviction of a *lasting affliction*. Born with a passionate and excitable temperament, keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society, I was yet obliged early in life to isolate myself, and to pass my existence in solitude. If I at any time resolved to surmount all this, oh! how cruelly was I again repelled by the experience, sadder than ever, of my defective hearing! And yet I found it impossible to say to others, 'Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf!' Alas! how could I proclaim the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men—a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, to an extent, indeed, that few of my profession ever enjoyed! Alas! I cannot do this! Forgive me, therefore, when you see me withdraw from you with whom I would so gladly mingle. My misfortune is doubly severe from causing me to be misunderstood. No longer can I enjoy recreation in social intercourse, refined conversation, or mutual outpourings of thought. Completely isolated, I only enter society when compelled to do so. I must live like an exile. In company I am assailed by the most painful apprehensions, from the dread of being exposed to the risk of my condition being observed. . . . What humiliation, when any one beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard *nothing*; or when others heard a shepherd singing, and I still heard nothing! Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. *Art*—art alone, deterred me. Ah! how could I possibly quit the world before bringing forth all that I felt it my vocation to produce? . . . God looks into my heart. He searches it, and knows that love to man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there. . . . Recommend virtue to your children; that alone, and not wealth, can ensure happiness. I speak from experience: It was virtue alone which sustained me in my misery. I have to thank her and Art for not having ended my life by suicide. Farewell! Love each other!" No one can read the above but with sympathy for the afflicted Beethoven, and with feelings of deep regret that a mind like his, so capable of understanding and expressing—as he has done in some of his finest compositions—the sublime and consolatory truths of the gospel, should yet in his own case fail to reach that high and divine source of reliance and comfort.

Beethoven, as we have seen, possessed strong affections and longing desires for the sweets of friendship and social intercourse, and although his want of hearing made him sour and solitary, the ardent and ever-active feelings of his nature at one time centred strongly in Mdlle. Bettina Brentano, who afterwards became Frau von Arnin. To her he writes in terms of warm affection. "I send you," he

says, "'Kennst Du das Land,' written with my own hand as a remembrance of the hour when I first knew you." In another of his letters to the same lady, and in the midst of the fond expressions of his love-sick pen, we find the following reference to Goethe: "If you mention me to Goethe, strive to find words expressive of my deep reverence and admiration. I am about to write to him myself with regard to 'Egmont,' for which I have written some music solely from my love for his poetry, which always delights me. Who can be sufficiently grateful to a great poet—the most precious jewel of a nation?" From letters in the collection referred to it appears that Beethoven worshipped also at other shrines. His "immortal beloved" was the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom the celebrated Sonata in C sharp minor is dedicated.

In 1812 Beethoven met Goethe at Töplitz. To this he makes only a brief reference in a letter to the Archduke Rudolph. Goethe, in his "Tag-und-Jahrschriften" of 1812, makes no allusion to Beethoven during his stay at Töplitz. It does not therefore appear that these distinguished men found any particular pleasure in each other when they met personally. Beethoven indeed dedicated to "the immortal Goethe" his composition, the "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt," and wrote to him in 1823 to obtain a subscription from the Grand Duke of Weimar for his Grand Mass, but he received no answer. In the complete edition of Goethe's works Beethoven's name is only once mentioned, when reference is made to his funeral obsequies.

The Archduke Rudolph, the warm friend and pupil of Beethoven, was the younger brother of the Emperor Francis, and himself a composer and a passionate lover of music. He became Cardinal-Archbishop of Olmütz in 1819. To him numerous letters in the collection are addressed. It was the Archduke Rudolph, in conjunction with the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky, also both enthusiasts in art, who settled on Beethoven an annuity of four thousand florins (£400) by a deed drawn up in flattering but delicate terms. The conditions of the contract were that the annuity was to be paid until Beethoven should obtain a situation of equal value, or if by misfortune or old age he was prevented from exercising his art, the pension was secured to him for life; the recipient on his part having pledged himself not to leave Vienna.

At the Vienna congress which met in 1814, Beethoven was received with much distinction by the potentates then assembled in the Austrian capital. In the same year he gave two concerts; on both occasions "Wellington's Victory" was performed. Beethoven himself directed. His pupil Ferdinand Ries relates that the great composer placed very little value on the mss. of his pieces written out by himself. When once engraved they were usually scattered about the anteroom, or on the floor in the middle of his apartment, together with other music. Ries often arranged his music for him, but the moment Beethoven began to search for any piece it was all strewn about again. Beethoven was for several years engaged on his great work, the Mass. He darkly alludes to certain circumstances which had delayed its completion. These, doubtless, were his perpetual state of strife with his nephew Carl, and Carl's mother, his sister-in-law. Beethoven had, indeed, throughout life no slight burden to bear from the conduct of his relatives. The guardianship of

Carl had been committed to him by his brother, who died in 1815. The young man was a scapegrace, and gave infinite trouble to his uncle-protector, who, notwithstanding all faults, loved him in his heart. The "Queen of the Night" was the name given to

rocks! No man on earth can love the country as I do! Thickets, trees, and rocks supply the echo man longs for!" This passage is sufficient to show how, with all his seeming hardness and unsociality, Beethoven delighted in Nature. The greater number



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Carl's mother by Beethoven. She was a person of great levity of conduct and bad reputation, and every effort was made by Beethoven to withdraw her son from her influence. He had the boy removed from her and placed in an institution. She appealed to the law against him. This was the first step in a long course of legal proceedings of a most painful nature.

In 1823 Beethoven had apartments in a summer residence of Baron Pronay's on his beautiful property at Hetzendorf. Suddenly, however, the *maestro*, deeply immersed in the Ninth Symphony, was no longer satisfied with his abode, because, as he said, "the baron would persist in making him profound bows every time that he met him." He accordingly made his escape to Baden, a watering-place in the neighbourhood of Vienna. His own favourite summer residence was at Mödling, a village also near the capital. Speaking of this place in one of his letters, he says: "I cannot enjoy the luxury of the country till the 8th. I look forward to it with the delight of a child. What happiness I shall feel in wandering among groves and woods, and among trees and plants and

of his published letters deal with professional matters or with the details of business, or express his own troubles and anxieties, relative and personal, and perhaps on that account give an unfair representation of Beethoven's better self.

The Ninth Symphony, to the composition of which we have referred, was published in July, 1825. To Robbst, the music publisher of Leipzig, the composer speaks of it as "the greatest work I have ever written;" he further adds, "it is a new grand symphony, with a finale and voice parts introduced, solo and choruses, the words being those of Schiller's immortal 'Ode to Joy,' in the style of my pianoforte Choral Fantasia, only of much greater breadth."

Ferdinand Ries, the pupil of Beethoven already alluded to, became a distinguished composer. Writing from Godesberg to his master in 1825, Ries thus speaks of the Ninth Symphony:—"Dearest Beethoven, I returned a few days ago from Aix-la-Chapelle, and feel the greatest pleasure in telling you that your new symphony was executed with the most extraordinary precision, and received

with the greatest applause. It was a hard nut to crack, and the last day I rehearsed the finale alone for three hours, but I in particular, and all the others, were fully rewarded by the performance. It is a work beside which no other can stand, and had you written nothing but this you would have gained immortality. Whither will you lead us?"

This masterpiece of Beethoven's, "the greatest instrumental work ever produced," formed part of the programme of the Centenary Concert at Bonn in August last. It has been given oftener in Germany on great occasions than any other symphony by Beethoven. Otto Jahn, who was Professor of Philology at the University of Bonn, wrote regarding it, in the Düsseldorf programme of 1856, words to this effect: "This wonderful work gives no rule or gauge for other creations in art, but stands alone, inimitable and isolated. It tells us of a long life full of sorrows, but also of one of continual aspiration to the noblest and highest thoughts and hopes. . . . The true understanding of this creation of art can perhaps only be fully realised by those who, like Beethoven, have passed through the furnace of deep grief, and have been tried seven times in the fire of sufferings. The great composer, even from his early days at Bonn, when he first set to music Schiller's 'Ode to Joy,' was ever longing for rest from sorrow. This state of mind, enhanced by many trials and heavy misfortunes, predominated throughout life, and the deepest and grandest expression of it is given in the Ninth Symphony. . . . At last, after the tempest of sorrow lulls, the magic word 'Freude' rings out, and the now uncontrollable tempest of joy rushes onwards, endless, irresistible."

The Great Mass in D was performed at the festival dedicated to Beethoven at Aix last year, and was also given at the two previous Rhenish festivals—at Cologne in 1843, and at Aix in 1861. It has been attempted on some occasions in London. Under the direction of Spohr, it was given at St. Martin's Hall, and under that of Costa at Exeter Hall; also at the Birmingham Festival of 1861—when it suffered much from mutilation; but it is not too much to assert that neither this colossal work, nor that other effort of Beethoven's genius, the Ninth or Choral Symphony, has yet been adequately performed in England, where consequently the consummate excellence of both works is not recognised by the public.

It has been said that "Beethoven began where Haydn and Mozart left off," and also that "the discords of Beethoven are better than the harmonies of all other musicians." But the great master was for a long time comparatively unappreciated even in his own country. In the first period of his career a large part of musical Germany was deaf to the beauty and grandeur of his music. Spohr failed to get a hearing for his first quartetts in Leipzig and Berlin. The splendour of his gigantic genius is now, however, fully appreciated in his native land. The terrible calamity of Beethoven's deafness was made more unsupportable by the element of defiance in his character. The natural excitability of his temper kindled frequently into passionate outbursts. We, however, dwell not on the faults of the man. The following passage from an anonymous writer well expresses the genuine admiration with which the products of his genius have long been regarded: "Many will remember with gratitude the joys they have derived from the effusions of Beethoven's fruitful intellect; they will call to recollection the joyous

chorus of the prisoners in 'Fidelio;' the sublime and adoring hymn of the 'Alleluia' in 'The Mount of Olives;' the matchless pomp of the 'Sinfonia Eroica;' the passionate beauty of the sentiment of 'Adelaide;' the ærial grace of his quartetts and waltzes; the thrilling and awful pathos of the dirge written for six trombones; but, above all, they will recall to mind the noblest work ever conceived and perfected by a composer, one of the greatest achievements of the human mind, the Mass in D."

Ludwig van Beethoven died at the age of fifty-seven, on the 26th of March, 1827. His resting-place is the cemetery at Bonn, outside the Sternthor on the road to Eudench. Here, also, are buried Niebuhr, Bunsen, Schlegel, Ernst von Schiller, the son of the poet, and Charlotte his widow, and other distinguished Germans. Beethoven's grave is surrounded by shrubs and evergreens, and on a plain upright slab at the head of the grave is inscribed merely the great name with date of birth and death. The spot venerated by musicians was visited by many during the week of the commemoration in August last.

As the artistic career of the great composer and nearly the whole of his grand productions were associated with Vienna, he was so thoroughly identified with the Austrian capital that the claims of his birth-place were overlooked. The project for the erection of a statue in the Munster Platz at Bonn was originated by the noble enthusiast Franz Liszt. For several years the great pianist pursued his purpose, which he brought to a successful termination at the inaugural festival, conducted by himself, held at Bonn in August, 1845, when the fine bronze statue, the work of Herr Hänel, of Dresden, was unveiled.

We may here add that a misconception at one time prevailed as to the house in which Beethoven was born at Bonn, No. 934 in the Rhein Gasse having had the honour for a long time erroneously assigned to it, whereas it was only occupied by the family some years after the birth of Ludwig. The exact place is a small garret at the top of the house No. 515 in the Bonn Gasse, close to the market. On the front of this house a tablet has now been placed with this inscription:—"In diesem hause wurde Ludwig van Beethoven geboren am 17ten December, 1770."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. XXVIII.—EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is a remarkable letter on emigration, written by George Washington in 1796, which contains information as correct, and advice as valuable, at the present time as it was then. It was written in reply to a letter of inquiry from Sir John Sinclair, Bart., the well-known political economist, and author of "The Statistical Survey of Scotland." Depressed by the gloomy aspect of public affairs towards the close of the eighteenth century, Sir John had thoughts of seeking a refuge and a home in the New World. The circumstances out of which the correspondence arose were narrated by him in publishing the letters as long afterwards as 1821. In the quarter of a century which had elapsed, Great Britain had passed safely through all her perils, and peace had been restored to Europe. The power of France, which had

culminated under Napoleon, was no longer a terror and menace. The home administration of England was as tyrannical and impolitic as ever, but the safety and honour of Great Britain had been restored by the victories of Nelson and Wellington, and the other gallant defenders of our country. Sir John Sinclair lived to a good old age in peace and quietness, and his sons and sons' sons have seen England greater and more influential than ever.

Though no danger from abroad, not even a Teutonic invasion and "battle of Dorking," may ever compel the rich to seek a transatlantic sanctuary, there may be social revolutions in the future that may raise similar alarms; and always the pressure of increased population must compel the relief which emigration alone can afford. Domestic anxieties, the *res angusta domi*, still prompt the inquiries which Sir John Sinclair made under the foreboding of public calamities. Here is an extract from his explanation of the correspondence with General Washington: "At the commencement of the year 1796, the aspect of affairs in Great Britain became of the gloomiest description. Such was the success of the arms of France, and such the terror which they inspired, that the continent seemed to be completely subdued, while the affairs of Great Britain itself were so unsuccessfully conducted as to give rise to the most serious apprehension in the minds of many that it could not much longer continue the contest." After expressing his strong dissatisfaction with Pitt for his course and policy, feeling that it would ruin the country, Sir John Sinclair says: "Seeing but little prospect that the country would be extricated from the difficulties in which it was involved, unless a different course was pursued, which was not probable, I naturally thought it necessary to look out for an asylum for myself and family, where we might live at a distance from the calamities of Europe, which seemed more likely to increase than to diminish. I was thus induced to apply to a most respectable correspondent, the President of the United States, to know what part of America was the most desirable place for a British emigrant."

The whole of General Washington's letter has been republished in a little book, by Elihu Burritt,* well worthy of being studied by intending emigrants. A few sentences will suffice in this place:—

"The United States, as you well know, are very extensive—more than 1,500 miles between the north-eastern and south-western extremities, all parts of which, from the seaboard to the Appalachian Mountains (which divide the eastern from the western waters), are entirely settled, though not as completely as they are capable of, and settlements are rapidly progressing beyond them. Within so great a space, you are not to be told that there is a great variety of climates; and you will readily suppose, too, that there are all sorts of land, differently improved and of various prices, according to the quality of the soil, its contiguity to or remoteness from navigation, the nature of improvements, and other local circumstances."

"The rise in the value of landed property in this country has been progressive ever since my attention has been turned to the subject, now more than

forty years; but for the last three or four years of that period it has increased beyond all calculation, owing in part to the attachment to, and the confidence which the people are beginning to place in, their form of government, and to the prosperity of the country from a variety of causes, none more than to the high prices of its produce."

After giving details about the New England States, Pennsylvania, and other Northern and Eastern States, and Virginia, he says: "The uplands of North and South Carolina and Georgia are not dissimilar in soil, but as they approach the lower latitudes are less congenial to wheat, and are supposed to be proportionately unhealthy. Toward the seaboard of all the Southern States (and the farther south the more so) the country is low, sandy, and unhealthy, for which reason I shall say little concerning them; for as I should not choose to be an inhabitant of them myself, I ought not to say anything that would induce others to be so."

"If all," says Elihu Burritt, "who have written glowing descriptions of certain sections of the country had followed this conscientious rule and principle, thousands of credulous and honest emigrants from Old England would have been saved a sad and bitter experience. Persons who have a special interest in some particular district may truthfully set forth the cheapness, the fertility, and the rich and varied productions of the soil. All they say may be true; but, withholding one vital fact from the description, it may be delusive and disastrous to those who trust to its statements."

Following this principle, and keeping in view a certain health-line as the southern boundary for English emigration, Mr. Burritt goes over the whole of the Republic, including the vast regions of the West, which in Washington's days were unexplored, or only traversed by wandering Indians. For details we must refer to his little volume, or to other more extended works, only mentioning that the emigrant will obtain from any of the Government land offices* reports, with maps, of any unsold lands in the district which that special office represents. A large proportion of emigrants are determined in their choice of locality by the communications of friends who have already settled there, and those who leave the decision till their arrival in America will receive every help and advice at the offices of the Emigration Commissioners, and at the "Labour Exchange" at the landing-place in New York.

Of this landing-place, and the arrangements for the reception and disposal of emigrants, a brief notice may now be given. Until a few years ago the arrival of emigrants of the poorer classes was a scene of painful confusion and misery. Those who had no relatives or friends waiting to welcome them, were at the mercy of the New York land-sharks and other devourers of body and soul, as well as of what little substance they brought with them. The hapless and helpless state of the large proportion of emigrants induced many benevolent people to form an association for their assistance, and the Government was induced to establish a Board of Emigration Commis-

* "Washington's Words to Intending English Emigrants to America," with introduction and appendix by Elihu Burritt: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. (The appendix contains useful information about all the States of the Union, and their inducements for various classes of emigrants.)

* There are in England various American agencies where information can be obtained, especially "The International Land and Labour Agency," Town Hall Chambers, Birmingham. This agency was established by Elihu Burritt, late U. S. Consul, and other gentlemen, and is worthy of confidence. Lists are kept of all investments in land and other property, and the Labour Department undertakes to find situations and employment for persons of any trade or occupation for a moderate commission. The secretary of the agency will furnish every information.

sioners. The old Fort, with the surrounding area known as the Castle Gardens, was given over for their use as a receiving house. Off this the emigrant ships lie, sending their freight ashore in steam tenders to the landing-stage, from which there is a passage to the interior of the Castle, or "the Rotunda," a place of which we used to hear as the scene of great public assemblages, such as political meetings, and entertainments. It was here that Jenny Lind's concerts, for example, were given. The space is now fitted up with various offices or counters, at which all sorts of entries are made and information given. On the arrival of a cargo of emigrants, the names and places of birth, embarkation, and so on, are entered in a registry. The place of destination is asked, and those who know this and have money to pay for their passage, are furnished with tickets for the cheap emigrant trains. All being registered, a clerk reads out the names of those who had letters or money-orders addressed to them, which they receive; and of those who have friends waiting for them, to whom they are taken.

Of the remainder, without friends or fixed destination, but with sufficient money, those who choose to remain in New York are introduced to lodging-house keepers licensed by the authorities, so as to protect the new comers from the places of plunder, and taverns for drinking and gambling near the water-side. Others, who are anxious for employment at once and anywhere, are taken to the "Labour Exchange," where clerks are ready to engage labour of every kind, a record being kept of all the engagements. The wages appear high, but to quote examples would be useless, as they vary constantly, and as the value of money depends on the expense of the locality. Rent in the towns is high, and clothing, and all manner of provisions beyond bread and water.

Those emigrants without friends, letters, or money, and not capable of being employed by the labour agents, remain at the Rotunda a night or two, till they can be forwarded to Ward's Island, up the River Hudson, where are buildings for their reception, with hospitals for the sick, schools for the young, and other establishments, under charge of the Commissioners. From ten to fifteen thousand may be thus stranded on Ward's Island each season, the largest number of whom are disposed of before the close of the year. A few are permanently employed on a farm and in work on the island; the hospital and lunatic asylum retain others; and the death rate is large after all the able-bodied and healthy have been drafted off.

The Commissioners are bound to keep registries, and to have supervision of emigrants for five years, maintaining correspondence for this purpose with distant branches and agencies. The necessary funds are obtained from the owners of the emigrant ships, who have to pay five shillings a head for every passenger, so that virtually the fund comes from the passage money, and is in fact a mutual insurance fee paid by the emigrants themselves.

Besides the official Board of Commissioners there is an association of benevolent persons, including clergy of all denominations, for the assistance of friendless emigrants arriving at New York. There need, therefore, be little anxiety about the welfare of those who arrive there, and it is no uncommon thing for unprotected females, and invalids, and little children to be consigned to the New World, with or

without labels and directions, in the certainty that all care will be taken of them that Christian philanthropy can devise.

The total arrivals of emigrants in the United States in 1870 was 353,287. In 1869 the number was 385,287, being the largest in any year except 1854, when 427,833 landed in the New World. Taking several years, the average may have been 365,000, or a thousand a day. It is estimated that the average value to the country of every immigrant is a thousand dollars, so that this is no unimportant element in the increase of national wealth as well as of population.

The great majority of the immigrants are from Europe, and New York is the chief place of arrival. The chief port of embarkation is Liverpool, from which, in round numbers, about 200,000 annually are shipped. Of the nationalities, Germany and Ireland are most largely represented, then England and the Scandinavian races. Many thousand Chinese land every year at San Francisco, a flow of emigration having commenced from Asia as well as from Europe. The influence of this new disturbing element in the labour market, when the "celestials" make their way east of the Mississippi, as they have already begun to do, is one of the difficult and troublesome political problems with which the Americans will have to deal. They are not regarded with the same favour as other emigrants, though their labour is invaluable in developing the wealth of the States on the Pacific side. It will be long, however, before they interfere with the European emigrants. For the present most of them come with no intention of settling, but only to make money by their industrial labour and return with it to their own land. The European emigrants go to find permanent homes in the New World, and most of them become citizens of the United States.

I have before me an official pamphlet or Circular from the General Land Office, issued from the Department at Washington a few weeks before I was there last autumn. It contains the various Acts of Congress as to the sale and occupation of public lands, and describes the manner of proceeding (with forms and schedules) in order to obtain title to possession. Some of the Acts are of a special kind, such as giving privileges, or relaxing rules, in the case of those who have served in the United States army or navy; but the main enactment of interest to emigrants is "the Homestead Act," which gives to every citizen of the States, or to those who declare their intention to become such, the right to a homestead on surveyed lands. An affidavit has to be made before the Registrar or Receiver at a land office, that the applicant is over twenty-one years of age, or is the head of a family, and that the land is for actual settlement and cultivation. The right of purchase is then conceded to the extent of one quarter section, or 160 acres, at 1 dollar 25 cents per acre, or 80 acres at 2 dollars 50 cents. There are two classes of public lands, the one class at 1 dollar 25 cents, which is designated as *minimum*, and the other at 2 dollars 50 cents per acre, or *double minimum*.

The Circular, which contains directions and regulations as to the required forms of application, fees, commissions, and other charges, can be obtained at any of the public land offices in various parts of the Union, where also maps are exhibited of the surveyed lands in sections.

In regard to naturalisation the law differs in

different States. The usual law is that the alien shall be able to read a clause in the constitution of the State, and declare his intention of becoming a citizen, taking at the same time an oath to support the constitution of that State, and the constitution of the United States. One year after this declaration and oath, the settler is entitled to vote for State officers, and in five years to vote in the election for President of the Republic.

Without naturalisation any alien can hold property, and is entitled to all rights and protection under the laws, unless found bearing arms against the State. Almost every new comer so soon becomes interested in the political and social and still more in the educational matters of his neighbourhood, that it is very rare to meet with a person who has resided one year in any community who has not been naturalised.

What has been said hitherto only relates to public lands. Those who have money to go into the open market have a wider range. "There are farms always and everywhere for sale," Washington wrote to Sir John Sinclair; "if, therefore, events should induce you to cast an eye toward America, there need be no apprehension of your being accommodated to your liking." The same is true now, not of farms and land only, but of all manner of real property, in town or country, in every part of the Union. In the Middle and Southern States the collapse of the Confederate rebellion, and the ruin of many of the old slave-holding proprietors, have thrown great tracts of land into the market, which are rapidly being taken up by Northern colonists and speculators. Abundant choice remains for English purchasers, who are hailed as more welcome neighbours by the Southerners than the still hateful "Yankees." Professor Goldwin Smith visited Virginia last summer, and after speaking of the magnificence of that State in point of resources, and capabilities, and climate, says: "The people are the most English of all Americans. They are very friendly to the mother country, and very anxious that their States should be filled up by English emigrants." Labour is cheap, coloured labourers being hired at £2 a month with provisions supplied. All local taxes do not exceed about twopence in the pound, the direct income-tax being two and a half per cent. all over the Union. Even in the old States east of the Hudson, the flow of native emigration to the West has left ample choice of cultivated farms, which can now be bought for from £3 to £12 an acre, including house, barns, and all other buildings necessary for such an estate. "In New England," says Elihu Burritt, "a man with £400 or £500 may buy a farm of one hundred acres, and be able to stock it, and bring his tools, and set to work, within an hour's ride of the capital of the State. His £500 English gold, turned into United States or Massachusetts bonds in England, and then into American paper money at the current exchange, will yield him 3,500 dollars of lawful tender for the purchase at 25 dollars per acre, leaving him 1,000 dollars for stocking the farm. If he is a married man, and has already furniture sufficient for his new house, he may take it with him free of duty. If his farm should be nearer a large market town, or more valuable in soil or building, so that 50 dollars per acre should be demanded for the hundred, he might obtain it by giving his note, payable at the end of one or two years, with interest at six per cent., for the

balance. In this case, also, he would have 1,000 dollars left out of his 3,500 dollars for stocking his farm and other expenses."

This case is supposed in the older Eastern States. In the Middle and Western States the purchase-money is at a lower rate; labour, also, is cheaper, and expenses less. In Virginia, for instance, there were last year more than a thousand cultivated farms for sale, at prices from £2 to £12 an acre. A hundred may be bought within two or three hours from Washington City, at an average of £3 per acre. The residences, indeed, are only old-fashioned log houses, but an English farmer and his family could live comfortably in them till he had time to build a house more in accordance with his habits. Then there is Missouri, which aspires to be the central empire State of the Union, and to make its great city of St. Louis the capital of the Republic. Missouri contains forty-three millions of acres, an area as large as all England, with fertile soil and splendid climate, rich in mineral as well as agricultural wealth. Hundreds of farms may here be bought from 10s. to 40s. an acre, and millions of acres of Government lands may also be entered under the Homestead Act by those capable of the rougher work of clearing the land. Every State has its special claims, its advantages and drawbacks, all of which must be well weighed by the intending emigrant.

One point is worthy of separate and special notice in regard to the possession of land or other real property in America, the cost of conveyancing. The legal expense of getting good deeds or titles is merely nominal. For the safe transfer of an ordinary farm the cost will not exceed a dollar in almost any of the States. And in fact in all matters of legal expense the customs of America form a striking contrast to the heavy amounts of "lawyers' bills" in England, where the people seem to exist for the benefit of lawyers, rather than lawyers for the benefit of the people.

There remains the essential practical question, Who ought to emigrate? Leaving out of view what may be called involuntary or compulsory emigration, which applies to the poorest classes, as in the time of the Irish famine, and in the case of Highland "clearings," or the decline of special branches of manufacture and industry, there is always a large and yearly increasing multitude, from pressure of over-population and competition, who are straitened in the means of subsistence. Some who can support themselves have anxiety about the upbringing of their families in the same social position. Others are dissatisfied at spending their strength and passing their years in bare struggle for existence, with little prospect of laying by provision for infirmity or old age. These, and many other cases, arising out of the simple motive of "the means of living," may turn to emigration as a ready remedy. If willing and able to work, none need be disappointed if they decide on going to the United States. There is room for millions of homes to all who can handle the axe and plough, the hoe and spade. There is also employment for men of every handicraft in all departments of mechanical labour. The mineral wealth of the Union is waiting for workers. One thing we may be sure of, that so many States would not clamorously invite and compete for emigrants, if they feared that any number of them would be thrown on their hands as helpless

paupers. As long, therefore, as the Americans invite emigrants to come, those who have a struggle for life at home may feel it safe and advisable to go.

In what is here said about the United States, there is no intention of disparaging Canada, or any of our own colonies, as fields of emigration. They may offer the same, or even stronger inducements, but my present object is to convey the impressions formed by what I saw and heard in the States.

But over and above the advantages as to "means of living," there are inducements of no unimportant kind to settling in the United States. Not, indeed, for the wealthy and well-to-do classes, "the upper ten thousand," to whom emigration is only known as a way of getting rid of the surpluse of "the lower orders." People accustomed to the amenities and amusements of aristocratic and plutocratic life in the Old Country would be like fish out of water in America. James de la Plush and Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs would think it a 'orrid place. Lord Dundreary would wonder what a fellow could do there. Yet even among the highest orders of rank and intellect there are many who would enjoy life in the States; whether men like Goldwin Smith, who admire the political institutions of the country, or like Principal McCosh, in sympathy with the academic culture and high moral tone of the seats of learning, or like the late accomplished and lamented Earl of Aberdeen, who regretted having to leave what he called a "land of freedom and common sense." But for the great middle class of Englishmen, and for the operative classes, whether in town or country, there are many points which they would admire and enjoy in the States more than even in England. Always excepting New York and the slavery-blighted States, there is a higher social and moral tone throughout the Union than in the best parts of the Old Country. Education is more diffused, religion is more influential, the Sabbath is better observed, and Christian ordinances more honoured among the whole body of the people. There is a spirit of manly self-reliance and sturdy independence, which although at first repulsive from the brusqueness of manner which it induces, comes to be respected. The poor serf-like clodhopper of our English counties soon holds his head erect as a well-paid and free labourer. And the farmers remind one of the yeomen freeholders who once formed an influential portion of the British Commonwealth. Now that slavery is extinguished—the last legacy of misrule bequeathed by the mother-country—the emigrants as well as the native population more than ever exhibit what Washington described as "attachment to and confidence in their form of government and the prosperity of the country." And this applies to the manufacturing as well as agricultural classes of emigrants; they are as a rule better paid, better housed, better clothed, better fed, better educated, more contented, and more independent; in short, in moral as well as physical condition superior to the same class in the Old Country. It is certainly not true, as has been said, that decreasing means and an increasing family are the only conceivable inducements to think of settling in America.

We must not conclude, however, without saying a few words as to who ought not to emigrate to the United States. All classes of professional men, those who work chiefly with the head rather than with the hands, will find few openings. Commercial men and speculators of all sorts, with little or no capital, are not wanted. Capitalists can make their profitable

American investments at home. Mercantile clerks are in no request. An advertisement in any American newspaper will bring as great a crowd of applicants as one in the "Times" or any English paper. Even of the operative classes none but the industrious, frugal, and temperate can expect to prosper in America. The chief engineer of one of the large steamers told me that he seldom made a return voyage without some disappointed emigrants working their passage home as stokers and cindermen. I saw some of these poor fellows, and their experience is that of many. The only occupation that could be obtained by them was in agricultural work, for which health and strength are essential. There are very few of the clerks or shop assistants in England who could stand the fatigue and climate of backwoods life in the West, or of common agricultural life in any part of the Union, any more than they would be fit for it at home.

Even to farmers Elihu Burritt says, "I would advise all of them who are over forty years of age, and can command £500 capital, to settle down in some of the old States of the Union, where a century of cultivation has not only subdued the soil to their hands, but subdued those raw conditions of its wild nature that generate ailments of a serious character to its first occupants. Not only for their physical comfort, but for their social enjoyment, would I commend to them this choice of residence. Young, vigorous men can more safely and comfortably run the hazards not only of "the bush," but of the rich and level prairie, as yet unbroken by the plough. The febrile affections, the chills or bilious tendencies of such a region of country, and all the other discomforts which they will at first experience, do not sap the vigour of their constitutions, as in those past middle life. Such may go to any of the new States of the Great West, and make homes for themselves and their children, which they may all the more enjoy for the rough experience of the first few years.

Nor is there any opening for female emigration, except for domestic service. The native supply exceeds the demand for teachers, shop assistants, and workwomen of all grades. The "employment of females" question is quite as pressing there as with us. The post-office, telegraph service, and other public institutions employ many, but the proportion of unemployed and unprotected females, above the servile grade, is as great as at home, at least in the old-settled States.

Beyond the emigration question there are others at which I can only glance, but must not touch, as they lead to political ground. It is clear that the vast majority of emigrants leave their native land not by choice, but from necessity. Few are attracted by anything in the institutions of America, and fewer still from any motive so lofty as the Pilgrim Fathers had. Most go because they cannot subsist at home. Is it then a necessity that so many should thus be unwilling exiles? Does Great Britain support all the population of which she is easily capable? The question will one day become a practical one. The time must come when other countries may decline to take an unlimited number of emigrants. The people also may not always remain content to be jostled out of the country into the towns, or thrust forth from the land of their birth, if they think it is able to support them. It is the part of a good Government to render social revolution impossible, by timely legislation for the many as well as for the few, on

the safe principle that "property has its duties as well as its rights."

A special commission for the United States is now in Europe, with instructions to examine the whole subject and to report, with a view to legislation by Congress, upon existing abuses of emigration and their remedies.

CHARLES V. BEFORE METZ.

CHARLES V, unable to resist the Protestants, made peace with them, assembled all his forces against France, and laid siege to Metz with 100,000 men. When his army reached the place, the generals proposed to begin by a summons. "No," said the Emperor, "that is a step I will not take. Francis, Duke of Guise, did not shut himself up with the flower of the nobility for the purpose of capitulation. We can only succeed in our project by force of courage, activity, and intelligence." During the first days of the siege, a slave of a cavalry officer, Don Louis d'Avila, stole an excellent horse from his master, and took refuge in the place. Don Louis besought Guise to send back the horse, which he valued highly, and the slave, whom he wished to punish as he deserved. The duke did not hesitate to send back the horse; but, as to the slave, he sent him word that, under the laws of France, every man who set foot on French soil became free.

The governor, finding himself hard pressed, adroitly caused a letter, written to the King, his master, to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, in which he remarked that he felt no more anxiety since the enemy had decided upon attacking the fortifications on the strongest side, and where it would take them a long time to make a breach. This artifice deceived the besiegers, who directed their batteries against a part of the fortifications better defended than that at first attacked. These changes protracted the siege, and consumed a great deal of time. When Charles v, whose infirmities had kept him away from the place, arrived in camp, he was received with great rejoicing by his troops, for they hoped that his presence would ensure the success of the undertaking. On the other hand, the garrison was equally delighted under the persuasion that resisting the Emperor would be the more glorious. This prince, seeing the breach large enough, said to his officers, "God's wounds! how is it they don't force an entrance! The breach is so great and the ditch levelled. In God's name, what are they waiting for?" They told him that the Duke of Guise had contrived broad ramparts behind the breach, filled with mines and a formidable artillery, and defended by 10,000 of the most intelligent and bravest troops in Christendom. This reply set Charles raving. "Ah," he cried, "I see well that I have no more men. I may as well give up my empire, all my undertakings, and the world, and shut myself up in a monastery, for I am sold and betrayed, and certainly am as badly served as ever was a prince that bore a monarch's title. God's death! before three years I will turn monk."

The monarch's displeasure produced no result. The imperial army, destroyed by hunger, by the sword, and by the weather, was compelled to raise the siege. It retired in the night time, secretly, abandoning its equipage, tents, artillery, munitions

of war, and provisions. The Prince of Laroche-sur-Yon, in the ardour of pursuit, overtaking some companies of horse, offered battle. The officer in command, turning to him, said, "Ah! how do you suppose we can have the strength to fight? You see we have not strength enough to flee." Touched by this remark, the prince let them continue their flight.

In this siege Metz lost its ancient splendour. During the defence, it became necessary to destroy, within and without, more than thirty magnificent churches, some of which contained the tombs of the Kings of the Carlovingian race. Several medals were struck off in memorial of the deliverance of Metz. One represented a device of the Emperor's—the Columns of Hercules, with the Latin word *ultra*, signifying that by his expedition into Africa, this prince had carried his arms gloriously far beyond the countries where Hercules had been. To this device they added a chained eagle bound to the columns, with these words, *Non ultra metas*. The play upon the word *metas* was very annoying to Charles v, for it signified both the city of Metz and the columns of Hercules.

Charles v, after having seen the best army he ever had waste away before Metz, came near making himself master of the place the year following, by a singular stratagem. The monks had convoked a general assembly, to which the religious people of several nations were invited. In order to provide for their subsistence, it was necessary to bring in a large amount of provisions from the surrounding country. Among the casks of wine and beer, they brought in a good many filled with arms; and a large number of German soldiers found their way in under the disguise of monks. The garrison of Thionville, which was numerous, had to appear before Metz on a given day. The Frenchmen would certainly come out to meet them. The plot was an attack upon the remnant left in the place by the soldiers disguised as monks, and by a large number of inhabitants who joined in the plot. They were at once to seize the gates and hand them over to the Emperor's troops. Vielleville, who commanded in Metz, got wind of the conspiracy, and obtained possession of all its details. As he was a man both of head and heart, he allowed the signals to be given to the Germans, who came on, to the number of four thousand, and fell into the ambush he had prepared for them. The whole force was killed, made prisoners, or dispersed. These traitors met the fate they deserved.

November.

RIDES forth the Lord of Hosts mysteriously!

The curdled clouds his car, with icy yoke,

And flashing wheels that make the mountains smoke;

Whirlwind and hurricane his coursers be,

His trackless path the billows of the sea!

As when from Sinai's flaming top He spoke,

And with his fiery Law the silence broke,

Earth trembles at his voice of majesty.

Well may earth tremble at his mighty voice,

Heaven frown, the mountains rend, the sea divide,

And cities fall, if he in anger chide!

For lo! his saints, the people of his choice,

Bow down with reverence, and with awe rejoice,

When God doth on his cloud-built chariot ride!

W. LANGFORD.

Varieties.

MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—The opening of this great work took place in September. An eye-witness, M. Génési, has described the meeting of the workmen, from the Italian and French sides, last winter in the depths of the earth, more than 5,000ft. beneath the summit of Mont Fréjus. "On the 9th of November, 1870," says M. Génési, "I was on my regular round of inspection as usual, when I fancied I heard through the rocks the noise of the explosion of the mines on the Bardonnecchia side. I sent a despatch to discover if the hours agreed. They did, and then there could be no longer any doubt that we were nearing the goal. Each following day the explosions were to be heard more and more distinctly. At the beginning of December we heard quite clearly the blows of the perforators against the rocks. Then we vaguely heard the sound of voices. But were we going to meet at the same level and in the same axis? For three days and three nights engineers, foremen, and heads of gangs never left the tunnel. The engineers Borelly and Boni directed the works on the Bardonnecchia side, M. Copello on that of Fourneaux. We could not eat or sleep; every one was in a state of fever. At length, on the morning of the 26th December, the rock fell in near the roof. The breach was made, and we could see each other and shake hands. The same evening the hole was clear—the last obstacle—and the mountain was pierced, our work was done. What a rejoicing we had! In spite of the war, the cheers of all scientific Europe came to find us in the entrails of our mountain when the happy termination of our enterprise became known. The two axes met almost exactly; there was barely half a yard error. The level on our side was only sixty centimetres (less than three-quarters of a yard) too high. But after thirteen years of continual work, who could even hope for so perfect a result? We placed at the point of junction an inscription on a marble tablet, commemorative of the happy event."

HOME CONVERSATION.—Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home amongst their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

MULLER'S ORPHANAGES.—The facts recorded in Mr. Muller's last annual statement, as summarised by the "Bristol Post," are of a very extraordinary character. The Ashley Down Orphanage (which is the principal feature of Mr. Muller's enterprise) does not possess a sixpence of endowment, it has not a single annual subscriber, boasts no patron, vice-patron, officers, or committee, holds no yearly or half-yearly meetings, never appears on the Exeter Hall or any other platform, employs no collectors or canvassers, whether clerical or lay, issues no annual report—excepting so far as the narrative of which we are now treating may be taken to be one—and never appeals, either verbally or through the press, for support. It is in the eyes of its founder and sole director a grand example of the power and efficacy of human faith. We gather from the report that Mr. Muller has received from the beginning "above £500,000 as the result of prayer and faith." This sum, of course, has relation to the operations, small and large, of the thirty-seven years during which the Scriptural Knowledge Institution has been working, and has been applied not only to the erection and maintenance of the orphan houses, but to the support of missions and schools in various parts of Great Britain and the world, and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and religious works based on them. As many as 150 missionaries are assisted from the funds. From the commencement 23,000 children or grown-up persons have been taught in the various schools entirely supported by the institution, besides tens of thousands benefited in other schools assisted by its funds. Added to this, more than 64,000 Bibles, 85,000 Testaments, 100,000 smaller portions of the Holy Scriptures in various languages, and

29,000,000 of religious tracts, have been issued and distributed through its agency. The erection of the five orphan houses alone has cost £115,000. The expenses of the houses during the past year, quite exclusive of any assumed interest on the capital outlay, have been £22,660, but as the numbers are now very large they will be greater next year. The help comes in almost every variety of amount from all parts of the world; it is given sometimes in cash and sometimes in kind; and it is to a very large extent indeed sent in anonymously. Among the heaviest sums received during the year, we note a legacy of £5,000, with £196 13s. 4d. added as interest, from the late J. A.; a legacy of £1,000 from W. R., who, Mr. Muller tells us, was so complete a stranger to him through life that he had not even heard his name; a donation of £500 from "A Christian Gentleman;" one of £700 (£500 of it for the Spanish Mission) from a donor not specified; £300 from "A Christian Noble Lady;" £400 from an unnamed person living at a considerable distance; £500 from a manufacturer; £350 from "near London;" £500 from "a considerable distance." There are several sums of £250 and £200, many of £100, and others ranging down to the offering of 2s. 6d. by "A Former Orphan" and a like sum by "A Very Poor Woman."

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.—A ticket-of-leave man, whose time had expired, called upon a photographer in the High Street, Kensington, and managed, whilst in the waiting-room, to pick open a desk and steal five pounds in gold and silver. He remained for some time, and on the photographer going to him to ascertain his business, he said he had an order for some card portraits, and he wished to be shown specimens, which was done. The photographer, unaware of his loss, as a reward for his trouble, expressed a wish to take his portrait so that he might present him with several copies. The prisoner was not at all anxious to submit to the process, and it was thought that the likeness was worthless; however, it turned out a particularly good one. The loss of money was discovered, the photo was handed over to the police, and by its aid the thief was discovered and apprehended by an officer a few weeks after in Bunhill Row.

BISMARCK'S RAILWAY CAR.—Prince Bismarck lately received a deputation of the directors of the German railway companies to present him with a railway carriage. He thanked the gentlemen in the warmest terms, and stated that he had never received a more welcome present, or one more likely to be of use to him.

SMUGGLING FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.—"I like a smuggler," writes Charles Lamb, "he is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the Revenue—an abstraction I never greatly cared about." "Smuggler" is defined by Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, as "a wretch who, in defiance of justice and the laws, imports or exports goods either contraband, or without payment of the customs."

WATER SUPPLY.—Works are commenced for bringing water to San Francisco from Lake Tahoe, a hundred miles distant, and requiring a tunnel through the Sierra Nevada.

MARK TWAIN.—The St. Louis "Republican" gives in its River column the following account of the early career of the American humourist, author of "The Innocents Abroad":—"It is very true that 'Mark Twain' was a river character about this port. Mrs. Clements, the aged mother of the humourist, we understand, is still a resident of this city. 'Mark Twain' learned the river on the old steamer 'John J. Roe,' and used to write up steamboat memoranda and occasional squibs for the 'Republican.' Captain Sellers, one of the first victims of Mark Twain's humour, was an excellent pilot, but devoid of any literary culture whatever; but, withal, had quite an opinion of his own mental abilities. Mark sketched the captain in good style. After he had written the article, he inquired of John Morris, now steward of the 'Belle Memphis,' what name he should sign to it. One of the deck hands at the time, happening to be heaving the lead, halloed out 'Mark twain,' meaning the depth of the water, when Clements exclaimed, 'That's it; Mark Twain's my name.' This sketch, with his new name, 'Mark Twain,' at the bottom of it, was subsequently placed in the hands of Mr. T. E. Garrett, who was at that time River editor of this journal, and it found a place in the River department of the 'Republican.' It proved to be a decided hit, and was extensively copied by Western journals. He soon left the river, and his subsequent literary career is well known."